



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

"PREFERRING HIS PIPE."

"Now I am going to stay at home, no matter who tries to get me away—be it carl or kaiser! I have taken off my shoes, and I do not intend to put them on again, for any one!" In such language, half-muttered and half-thundered, is exclaiming the farmer-peasant of the Bavarian Highlands—the young man with the velvet trousers and richly embroidered stockings, sitting in his comfortable room, leaning back

against one of those magnificent old bureau sideboards that are nowhere else to be found in their perfection than in Germany or Holland. His comrades are rapping away at the window, calling out his name, inviting him to go with them to the dance at the inn, and singing, in good-humored torment, a stave of an old sectional song, the first verse of which may be freely translated:

"A gay and a merry young fellow
Never grudges the wear of his shoes;
But a fool, and an old curmudgeon,
For a long time a pair will use!"

"Ah," he says, packing down the tobacco in his pipe and preparing to relight it—"ah, if it was only the shoes that will wear out! Who will repair my legs, when they are as stiff as wooden bars?—while here I can enjoy myself at leisure and see more pretty things through the smoke than they can discover through the dust of the dancing-room! Besides, Gretchen will not be there!—the only girl in the barony worth putting on a man's shoes for the sake of dancing with! So here I stay, and my pipe must be my girl for this evening!" And so there he does stay, finding his enjoyment a little unsocially, but probably better than he could do it anywhere else—Gretchen out of the question and he not as yet old enough to have discovered the flaws in favorite china!

"AGAINST ORDERS!"

A STORY of all the ages, embracing man's cruelty, woman's pity, the fortune of political struggle and of war—this is neatly told in the bold picture with the above name, on the opposite page,—at the same time that the propensity of the artist, the poet and the romancer, to deal, as their most effectual subjects, with the misfortunes and the imprisonments of adven-

turers, is more than hinted at. The age is fixed by the costumes, especially by the long toes of the shoes, which began to be fashionable about 1050, and increased until they were forbidden by act of Parliament in England, somewhere about 1400. At one time they had reached so preposterous a length, that no knightly wearer could put his foot in the stirrup in mounting his horse,—so that the plan was adopted of chaining up the toe to the knee. When the point became too long even for that relief, came the act of

way with his blade and with a refusal that he does his best to make gruff and forbidding. However, sentinels are mortal—sometimes very mortal indeed; and we should not mind hazarding a small sum that at the price of a kiss or two from those saucy lips, and a squeeze or two of that plump and buxom form, the girl, who evidently "means business," will find her way into the place of confinement, and that the prisoner will enjoy the capon, before the next half hour has passed, in that forbidden and surreptitious way

which will probably make it all the more tempting and delicate. Such things have been done in the world: such things will continue to be done, however much "against orders," until pretty serving-wenchs cease to be appetizing and sentries are no longer subject to the weaknesses of mortality.

KEEPING HIM.

THEY were certainly out on a spree—those three Jersey men. They were at Bay Ridge, on Long Island; with a strong propensity on the part of Jones to go home that afternoon and thus end the frolic;—while Brown and Robinson were determined to remain one day more and properly finish it. He would go; they would not. The last street-car, coming up from toward Fort Hamilton, that could catch the boat of that day, was passing. Jones broke away, sprang for the car, rushed in, took his seat, and was so far safe for his departure. Brown and Robinson took up a passing carriage, flung the driver a fee, and told him to catch that car. The chase was not long. When within hail Brown beckoned from the window, to the conductor, who, seeing the flying carriage, pulled



PREFERRING HIS PIPE.—K. DIEHLTZ.

Parliament already referred to. Since that time, almost without check, the tendency has been the other way—to make the toe of the shoe as short as possible, literally "stubbed"—often very much to the inconvenience of the wearer. The hood and jerkin of the bluff soldier-sentry, and the kirtle of the girl, also mark the time as well back in the romantic ages. Evidently some person of condition is confined in that prison; evidently he has friends who do not mean that he shall be starved, even if he comes to be chopped; and a capon or two are forwarded for his delectation. But the sentinel believes that it is "against orders" to allow any such refection to a prisoner, and bars the

up. Brown and Robinson, alighting, informed the conductor that a lunatic, whom they had been taking out on a ride, had escaped from them and was in his car. Some of the ladies heard, and huddled close in fear of the "lunatic," who was too much thunderstruck to resist or to explain, when Robinson, a Hercules and a gymnast, entered the car, took him out by the collar, held him until the conveyance drove on and there was no possibility of the boat being reached, and then released him. Neither of the three went home that day; and Jones, when the story preceded him and he was generally accosted as an "escaped lunatic," wished that he had never gone home at all!

THAT MODEL REGIMENT.

THE incidents of camp life furnish an inexhaustible store of humorous as well as heroic narrative. Our own great internal contest, over whose termination a decade has already swept past, affords as rich a mine of interesting and amusing episode as any campaigns of which history makes mention. War essentially conveys the primary idea of all that is sanguinary; while it charms the imagination of the thoughtless with the heroic qualities of our nature which it so earnestly develops, and lures our fancy with its pageantry and display. Thus it is that all the accounts which have ever been written of camp life are composed almost exclusively of records of sanguinary or heroic deeds, while comparatively little is related of scenes which are not only sources of perpetual amusement, but comedy itself. The period has arrived when the humorous incidents of our great struggle may be advantageously related, as they in some degree form a portion of the history of the war; and that portion, moreover, which as yet has not been recorded.

The ranks of our army of volunteers were hastily organized. The mass composing them, both officers and men, were unskilled and incongruous, while the progress made by them in acquiring discipline was far more gradual than the published accounts would lead one to believe. But considering all the disadvantages which were encountered at the outset of the organization of this vast force—such as the want of officers with military knowledge, the sudden calling together of so many men from every department of civil life, and the impatience of restraint which is so natural to our population—the wonder is not that the progress of discipline was slow, but that so much was accomplished in this respect.

One of the regiments that left New York in the summer of 1861, was the recipient of many encomiums from the newspapers of the time, for its superior appearance and other military qualities. Its colonel was praised for his patriotism, his energy and talent; and the rest of its officers were complimented. The day of its departure for Washington was made memorable by the display which attended its exit from the city, and the expectations which followed it were equal to those of the Crusaders of the Middle Ages.

And now compare the facts with all this fancy.

The men did not know one military evolution even tolerably well; few of the officers were acquainted with the "manual of arms;" and as for the colonel, he had been all his life a "professed politician" and office-holder, and did not even pretend to any military knowledge whatever. He had views of his own regarding the army and the methods of making his name famous; and if he did not succeed in achieving a great military reputation, he did succeed in making a great deal of fun for military men at his own expense. He commenced his military acquirements

windows of the train. The colonel sent an officer from the car in which he was, to inquire the cause of the *feu-de-joie*, and soon ascertained that the men were firing their ammunition at a flock of crows. He instantly dispatched an officer from the car in which he was seated, with a command to repeat the firing no more. The officer had scarcely returned when the fusilade was repeated. The colonel went himself among the men, where he found the din and confusion, added to the noise made by the rapidly moving train, so great that his voice was powerless, and he was

soon glad to return to the "officers' car." He then ordered the muskets to be taken from the men; but before this could be accomplished there was great danger of a riot, and every round of ammunition had been fired. As they approached Baltimore, the colonel summoned a council of his officers, and lectured them in this way:

"Gentlemen, we are now approaching Baltimore. Remember what happened there when the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment went through the city. They were able to resist the mob who attacked them; but our ammunition, unfortunately, is all gone. The only hope for us to get through safely is to make a good military appearance and awe the mob; for if we are attacked, who can tell what will become of us? Get the men out of the cars, and help me to march them off to the Washington depot without delay. On order and dispatch everything will depend. The least confusion may be our destruction. Let us impress the citizens with our appearance!"

The Monumental City was soon after reached. The men broke away



AGAINST ORDERS!—W. THOMAS.

by diligently studying works on his new profession; but finding this description of research somewhat dull and uninteresting, he dropped it after three or four days, and announced in a serious manner to a party of his officers assembled in his tent before he left New York, that he would prove his "aptness for military rank and command" in his own way.

The journey to Washington could never be forgotten by any one who was with the regiment during that memorable trip. Comparative order was preserved till the cars left Philadelphia; but there the men received liberal supplies of whisky from the citizens, and the majority of them were soon more or less under the influence of the magical power of Bacchus. Presently a fusilade of musketry was fired from the

from the train regardless of all efforts to restrain them, and wandered in broken groups around the depot. The commands of the officers were unheeded; while the colonel ran everywhere among them, coaxing some and threatening others, till his voice was hoarse and his physical energies exhausted. This scene lasted above an hour. The regiment was at length formed in line, amid the jeers and laughter of the misrepresented populace,—and after a characteristic march through the city, arrived at the Washington depot, whence they were soon whirled to the national capital. There they were assigned some empty buildings for their quarters, where they remained in comparative quiet and security a few days, to the great satisfaction and complacency of their commanding